

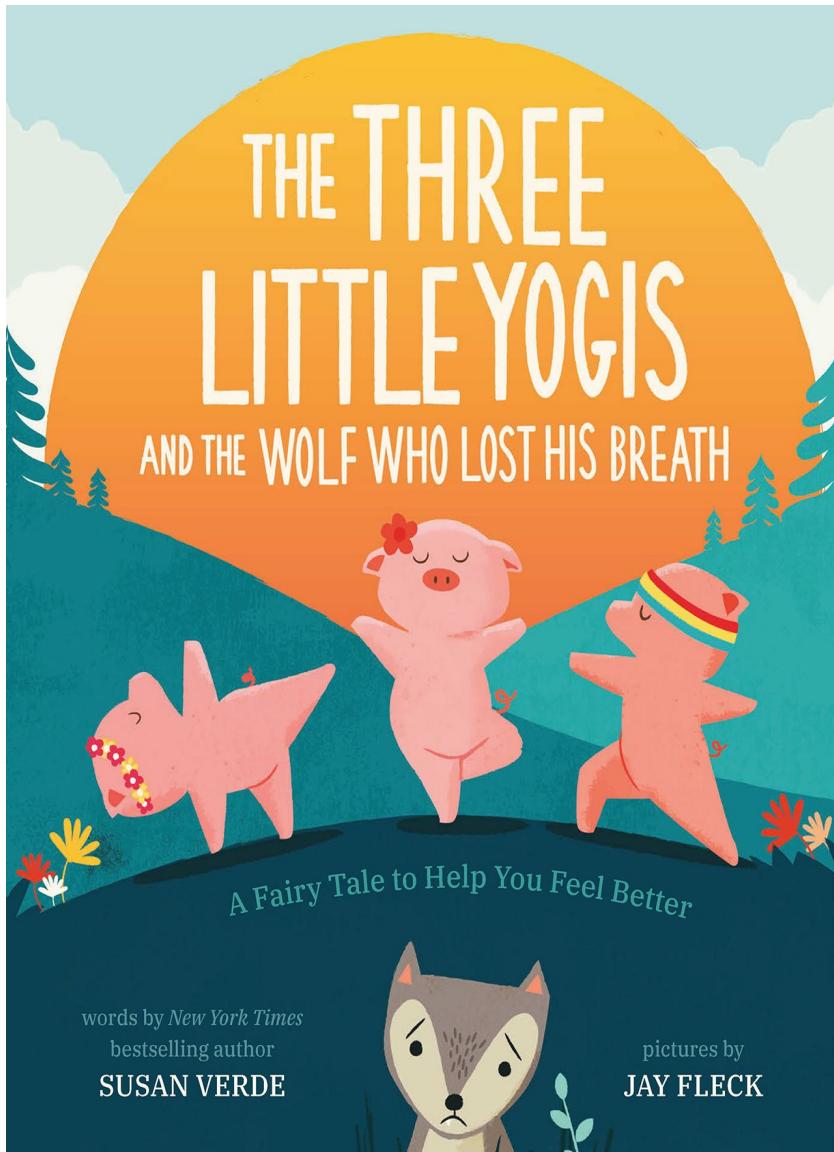
THE THREE LITTLE YOGIS AND THE WOLF WHO LOST HIS BREATH



A Fairy Tale to Help You Feel Better

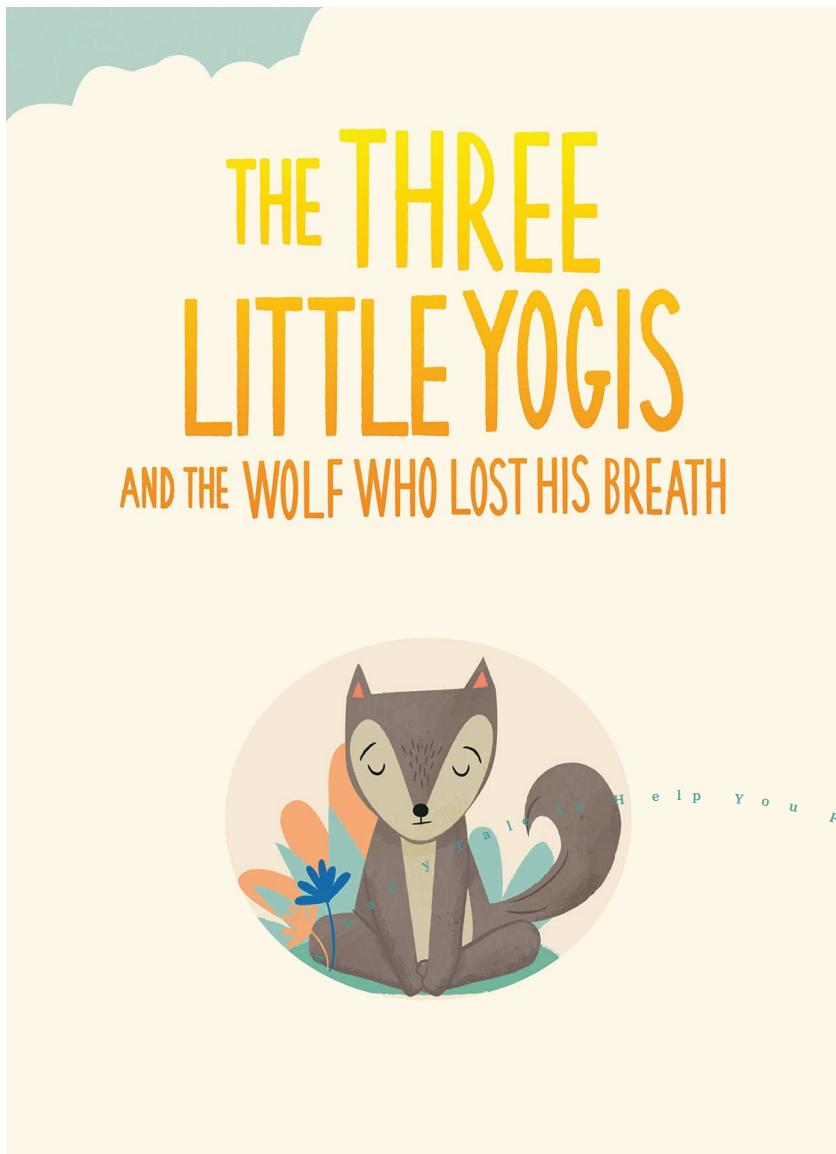
words by *New York Times*
bestselling author
SUSAN VERDE

pictures by
JAY FLECK









words by

Susan Verde

pictures by

Jay Fleck

Algonquin Books for Young Readers • New York

To my Sophia . . . for ALL the reasons

-SV.

For Suzanne

-IF.

The illustrations for this book were made with pencil and colored digitally.

Library of Congress Cataloging for Publication Data

Sophie's World, Sophie's World / by Mark, Jay (Illustrator)

Title- The front title page and the end title page both have a small "a" at the end.

Many will help you find better. By Mark, Sophie, (art) by Jay Mark.

Illustration New York, NY: Abrams Books for Young Readers, an imprint of

Abrams, 2010. | Summary: In this book on the classic Socratic Socratic method, a

boy and girl complete classic pages to help them find the answers.

Illustration: 2010. | Author: Sophie's World | Sophie's World | Book

www.ams.org/ams | ams.org/ams | ams.org/ams

Classification: LCC P71.5 2010. | DDC 2010. | 978-0-8118-052-2

Text copyright © 2010 Abrams Books

Illustrations copyright © 2010 by Mark

Book design by Paola Salas

Published in 2010 by Abrams Books for Young Readers, an imprint of Abrams, 2010. All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in whole or in part, by any means, without the prior written permission of the publisher, or of the copyright owner.

ABRAMS The Art of Books
195 Broadway, New York, NY 10007
abrambooks.com

Abrams Books for Young Readers are available at special

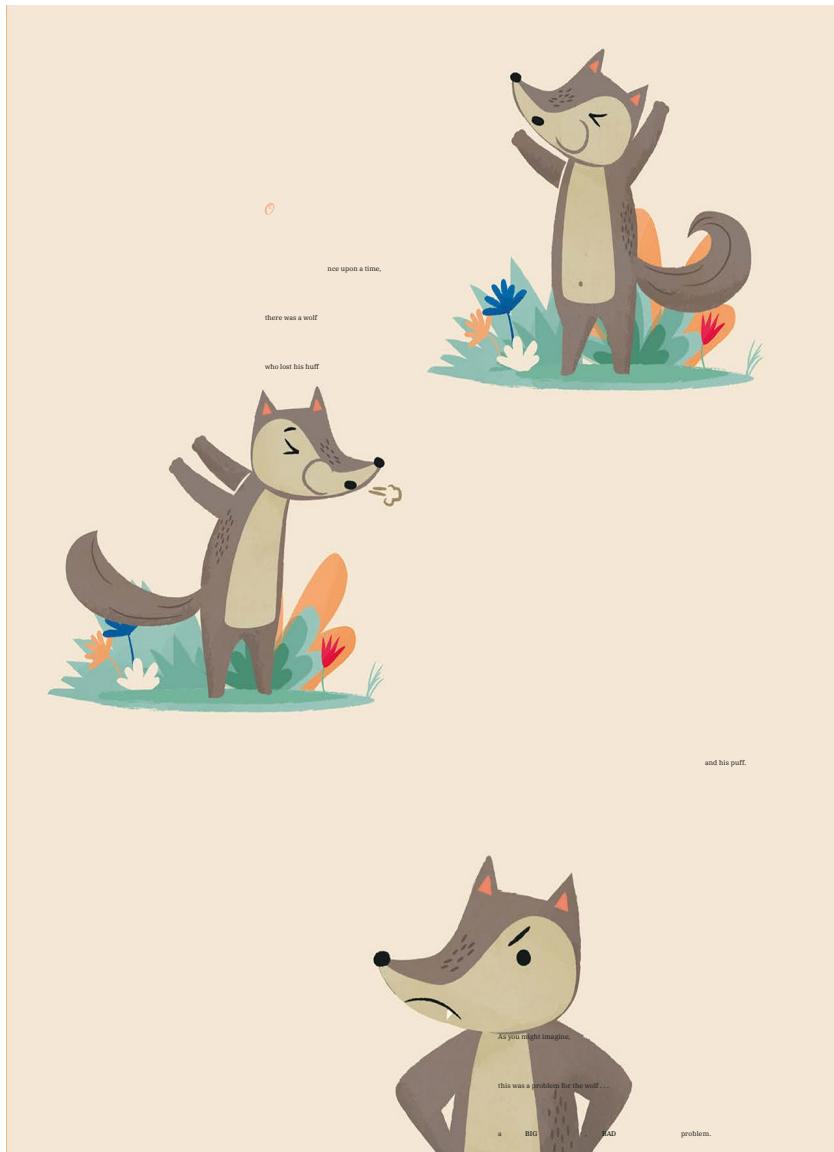
discounts when purchased in quantity for premiums and promotions

or as a trade or educational resource. Special editions

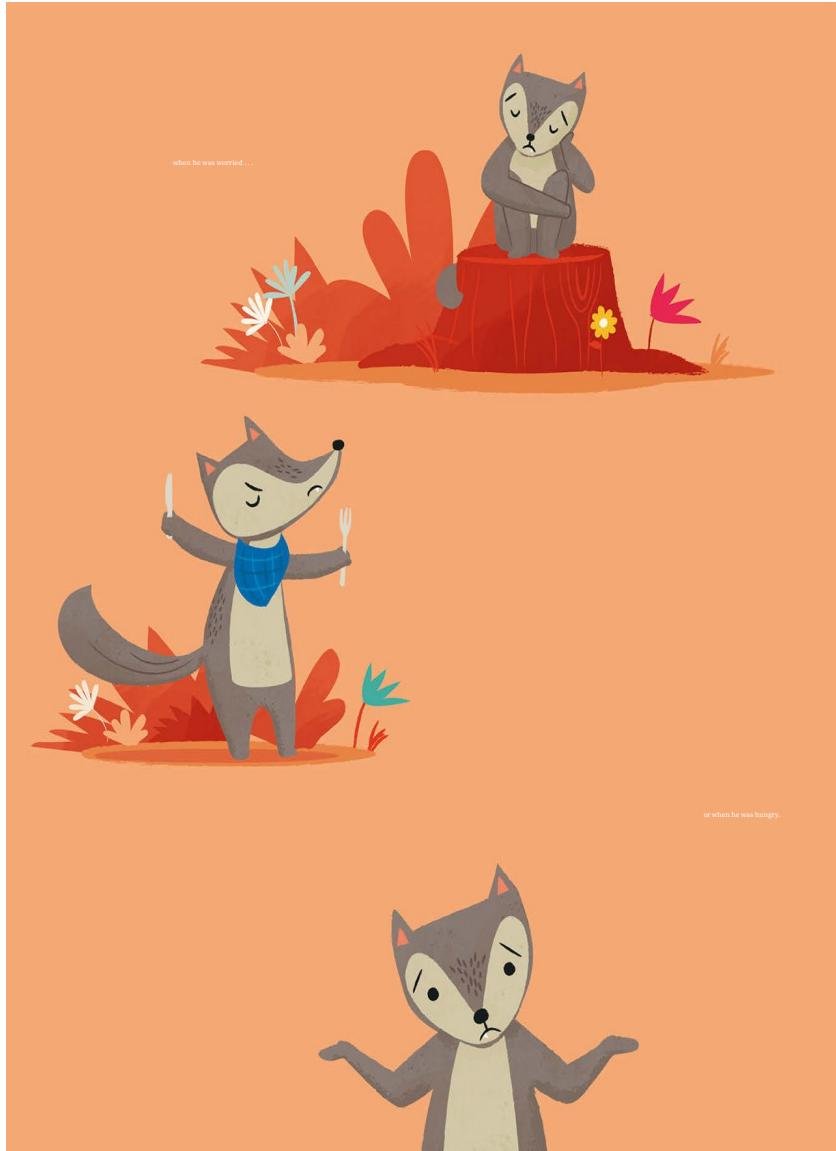
can also be created to specification. For details, contact

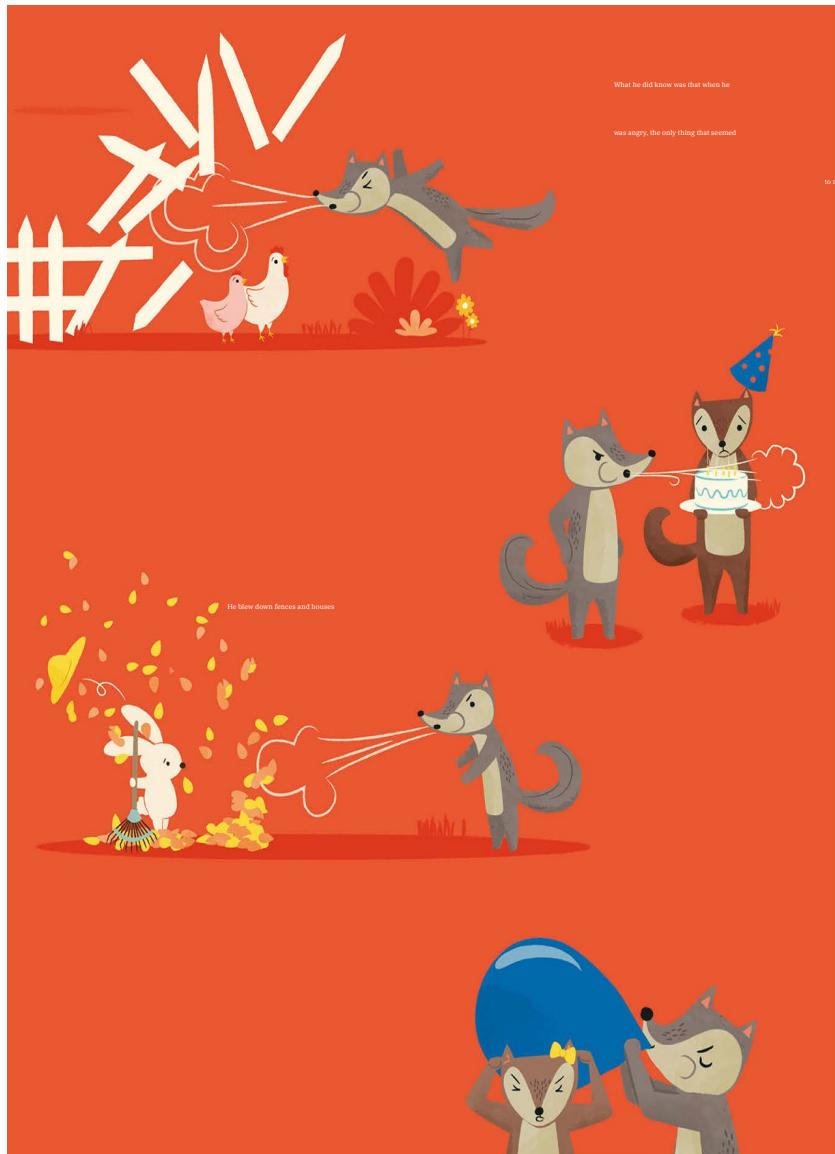
specialsales@abrambooks.com or the address below.

Abrams
Ams.org/ams | ams.org/ams | ams.org/ams











But the wolf never actually felt much better after huffing and puffing.

In fact, when he saw how frightened the

rest of the town looked after he blew

something down, he felt even worse.

But he just didn't know

what else to do.

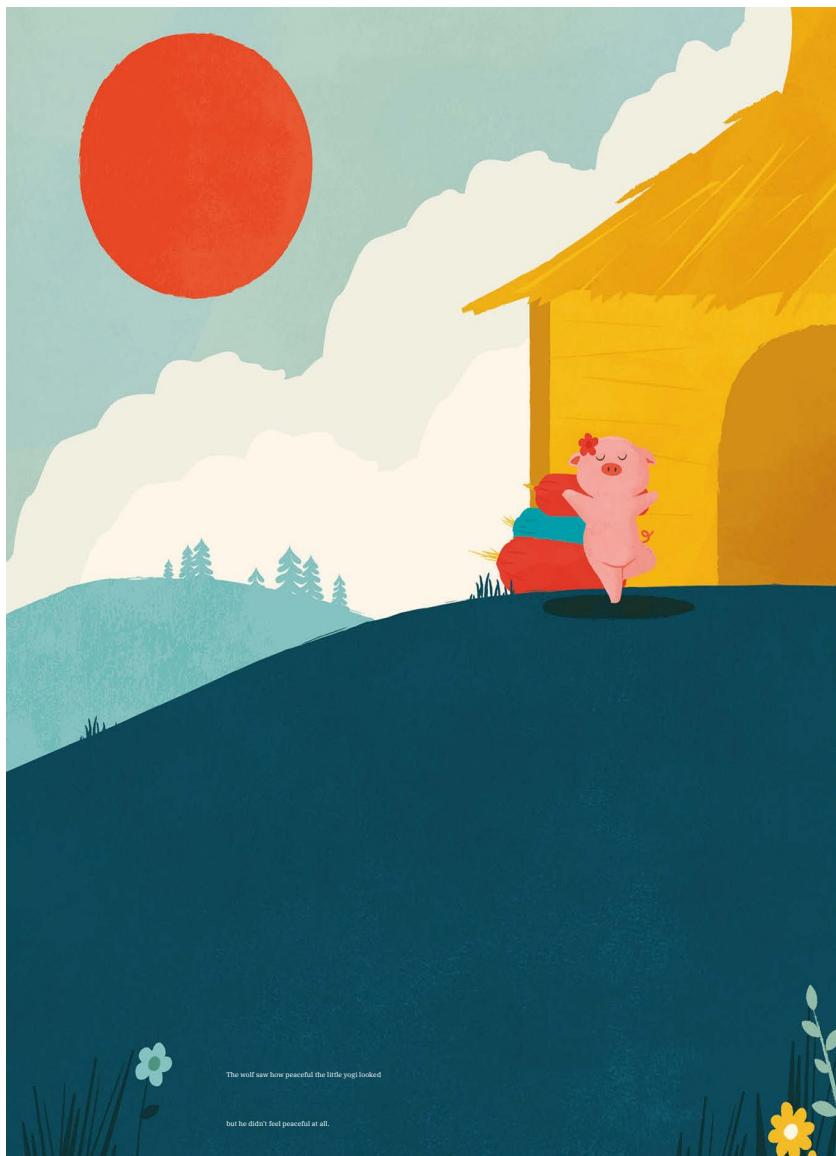


One morning, when the wolf wanted to blow off

some steam, he came upon a little yogi doing

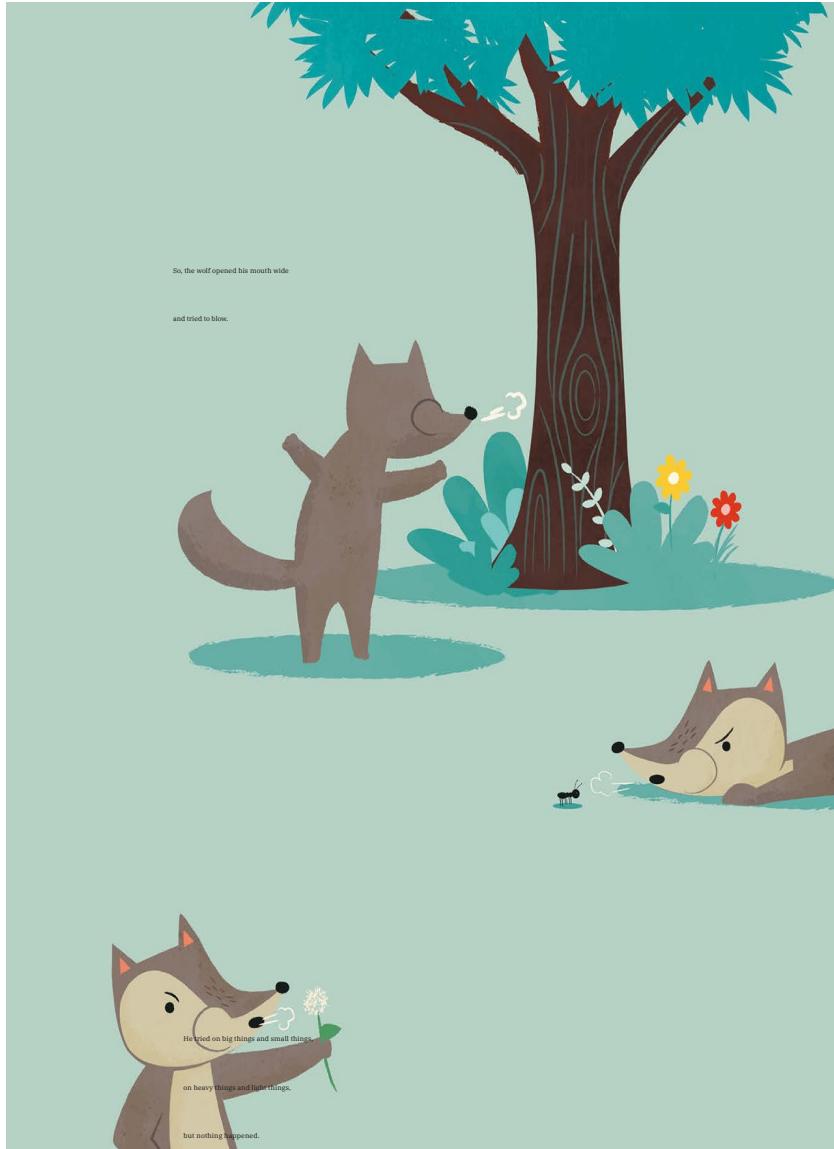
sun salutations by her straw hut, stretching her

arms to the sky to greet the new day.



The wolf saw how peaceful the little yogi looked

but he didn't feel peaceful at all.



So, the wolf opened his mouth wide

and tried to blow.

He tried on big things and small things,
on heavy things and light things,
but nothing happened.

Instead, all that came out was a

wheeze and a cough!

The little yogi heard the wolf wheezing and ran over to

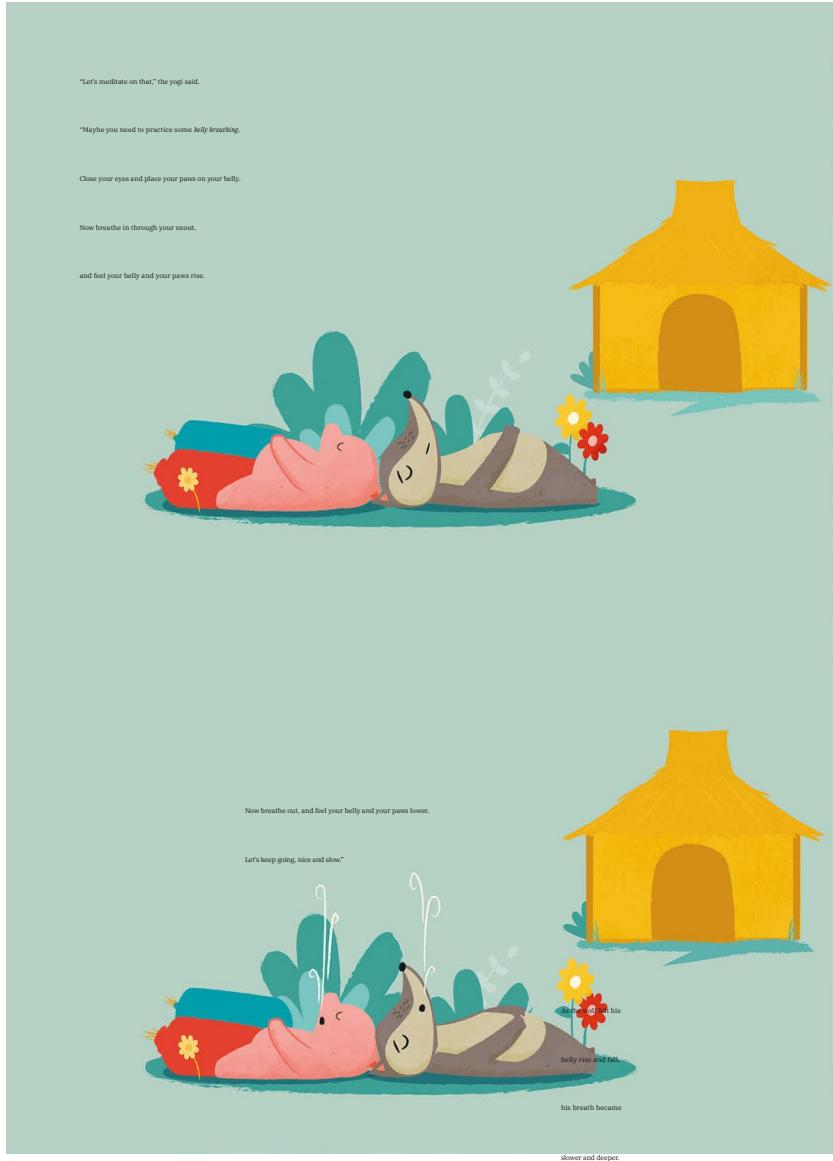
help him. She didn't appear to be afraid of him at all.

"Wolf, take a slow, deep breath," the yogi said.

"I... I... can't," said the breathless wolf. "I lost my buff

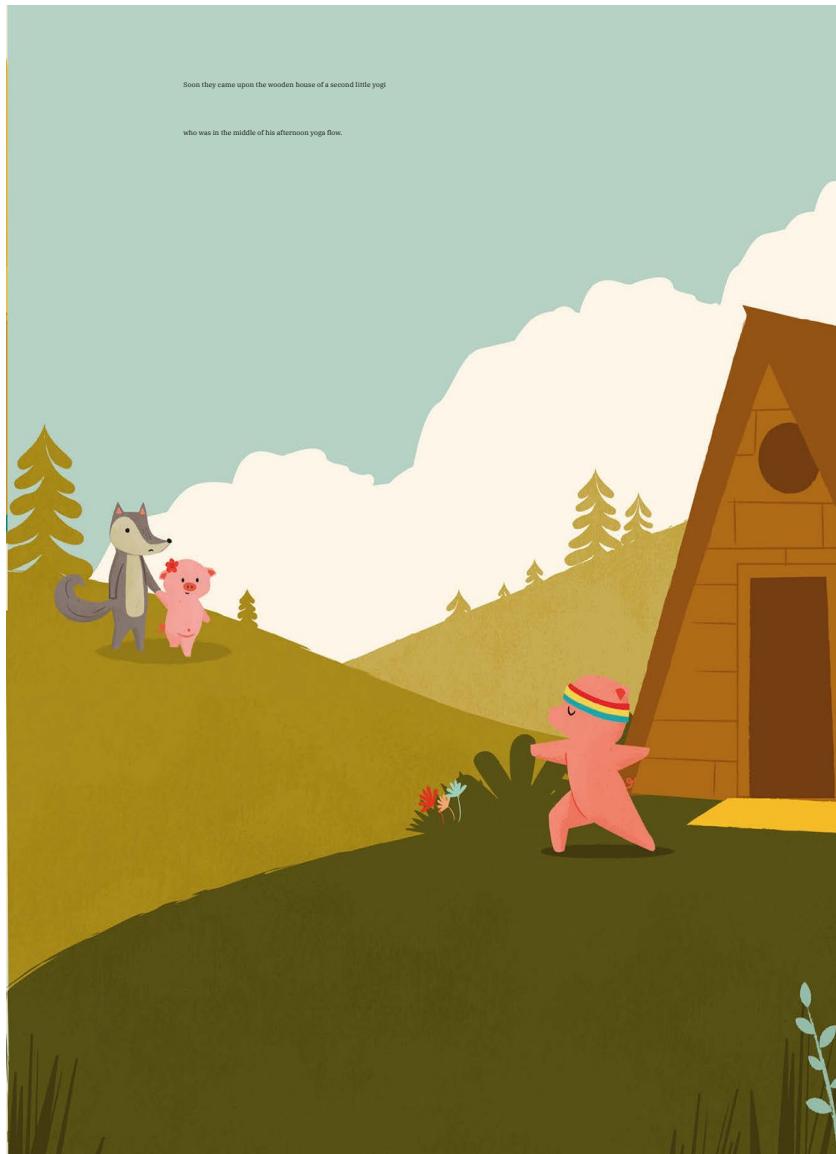
and puff."

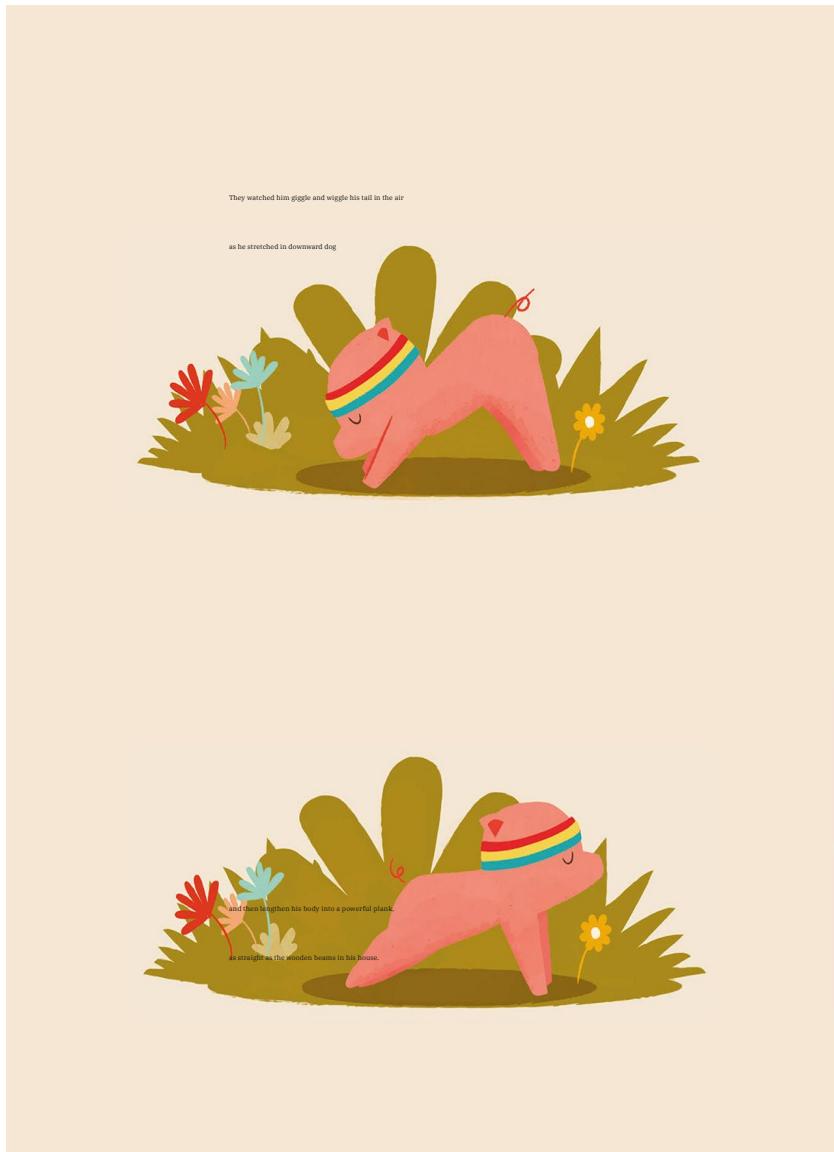












While the first little yogi explained the situation, the wolf

could feel himself getting frustrated and tense again.

His paws curled and his body stiffened.

He opened his mouth wide and he tried to blow down the

second yogi's wooden house—but again he only wheezed

and coughed.

"I lost my huff and puff," he said.







The wolf started to cool down in his body and his mind.

But just when he started to feel calmer . . .



He remembered his last huff and puff,

and he started to feel angry again.

He jumped up and tried to blow down

the yogi's wooden house.

No luck!



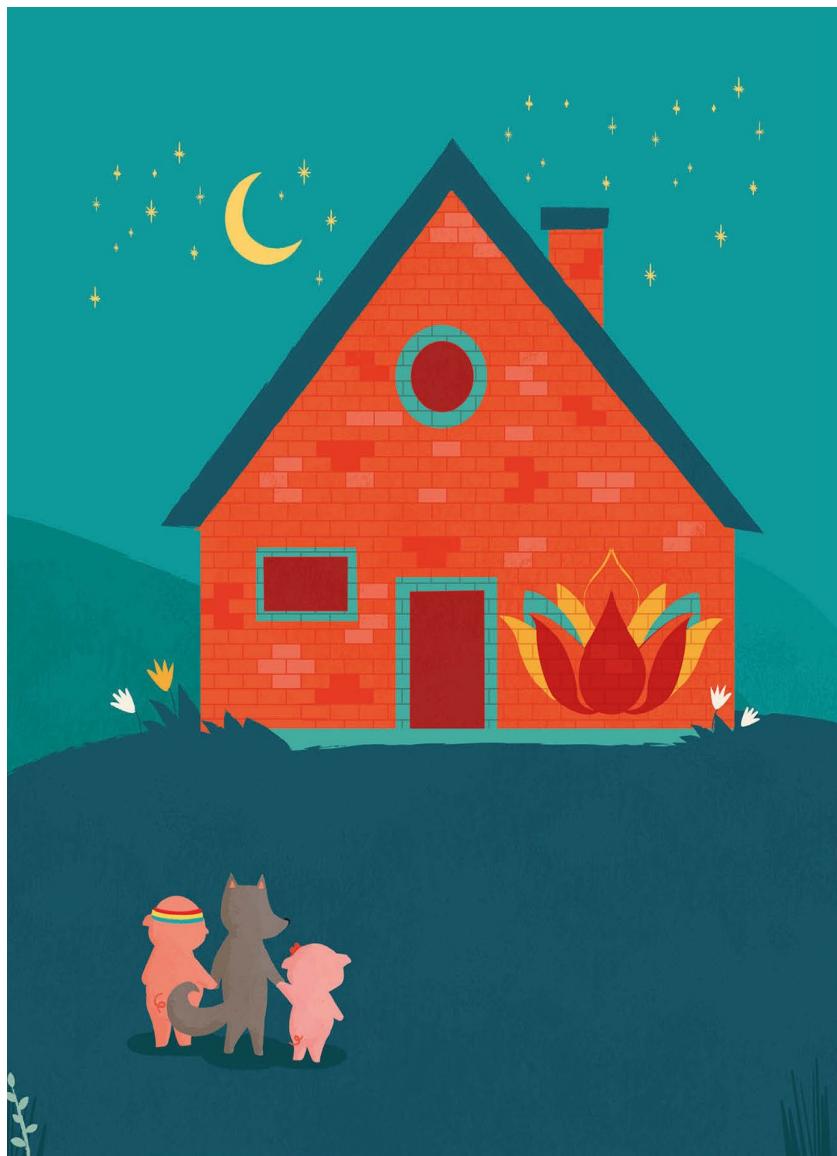
Again, to the wolf's surprise, instead of running

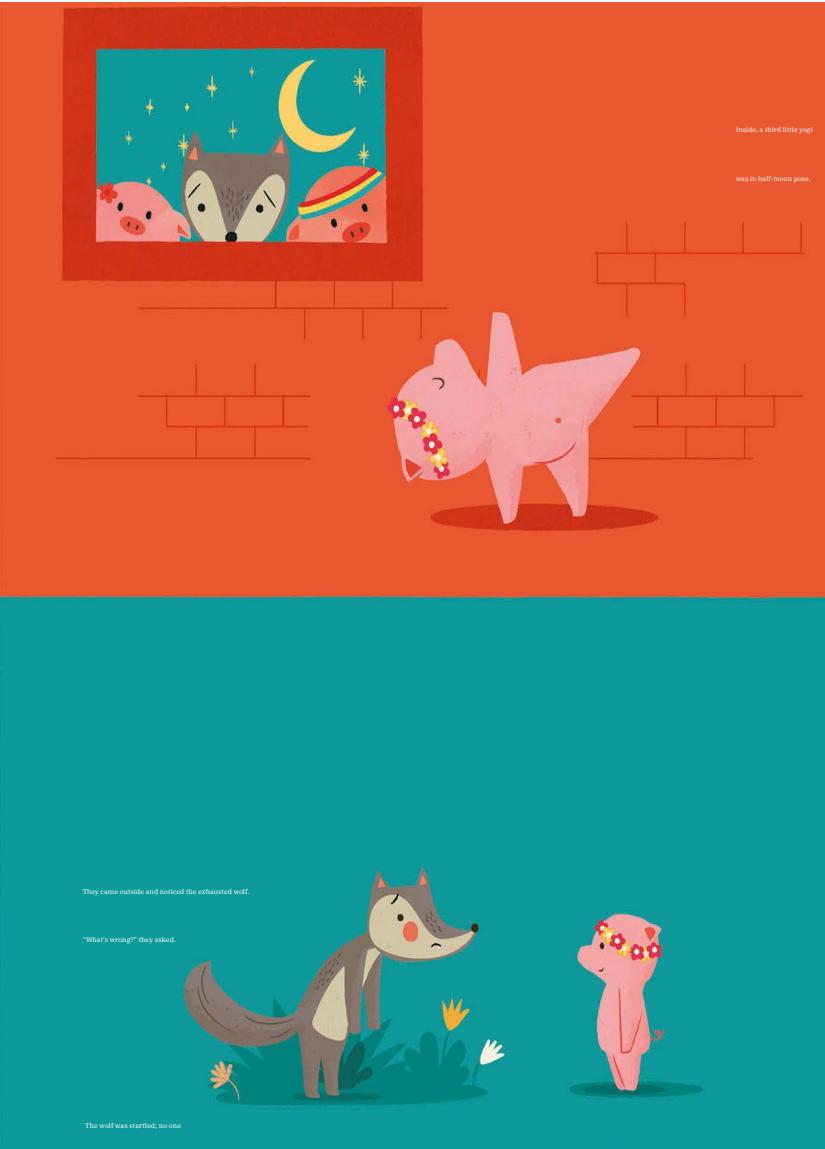
away the second yogi said, "I know where we

should go."

The two little yogis took the wolf paws in hooves

and walked with him under the setting sun.





"I want to blow everything down, but I have lost my huff and puff."

the wolf answered, breathlessly.

"Why do you want to blow everything down?" the third yogi asked.

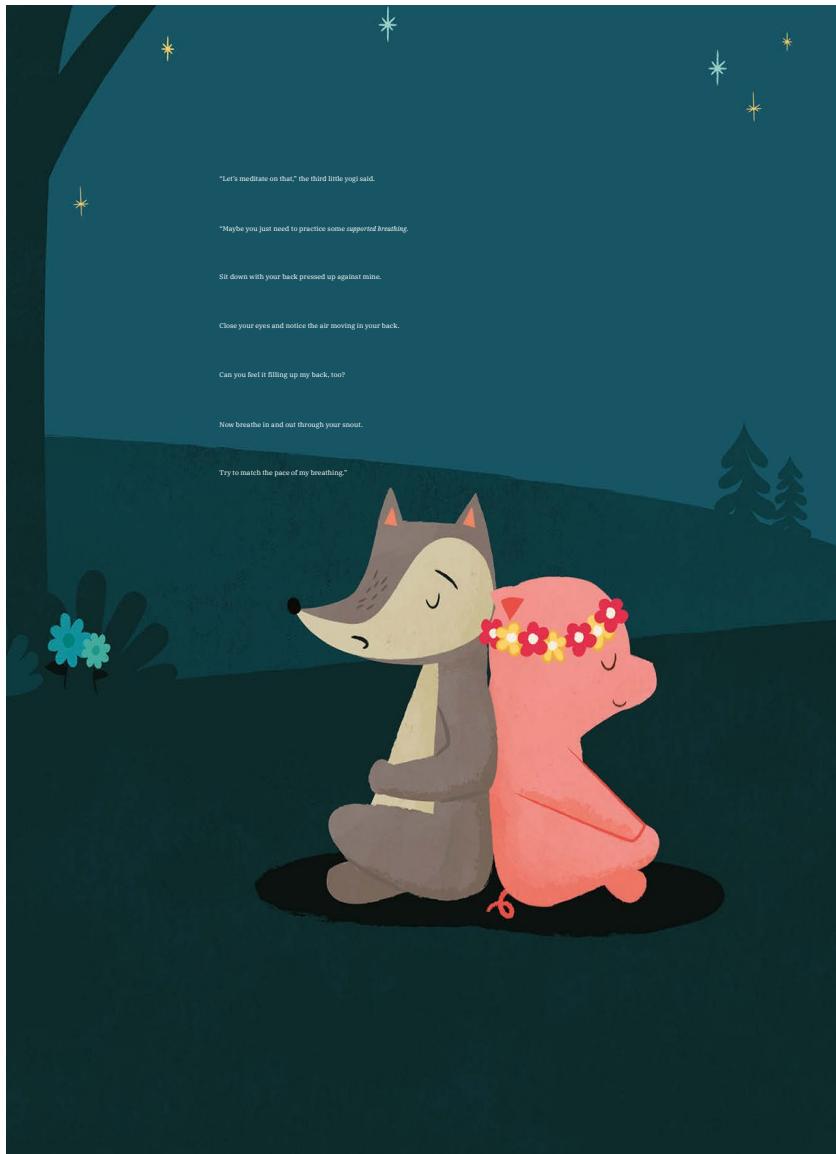


"Only for a moment, I blow everything away, but then everyone

runs away from me, too. I don't like that others are frightened of

me. But without my huff and puff, I don't know what else I can do."





"Let's meditate on that," the third little yogi said.

"Maybe you just need to practice some *supported breathing*.

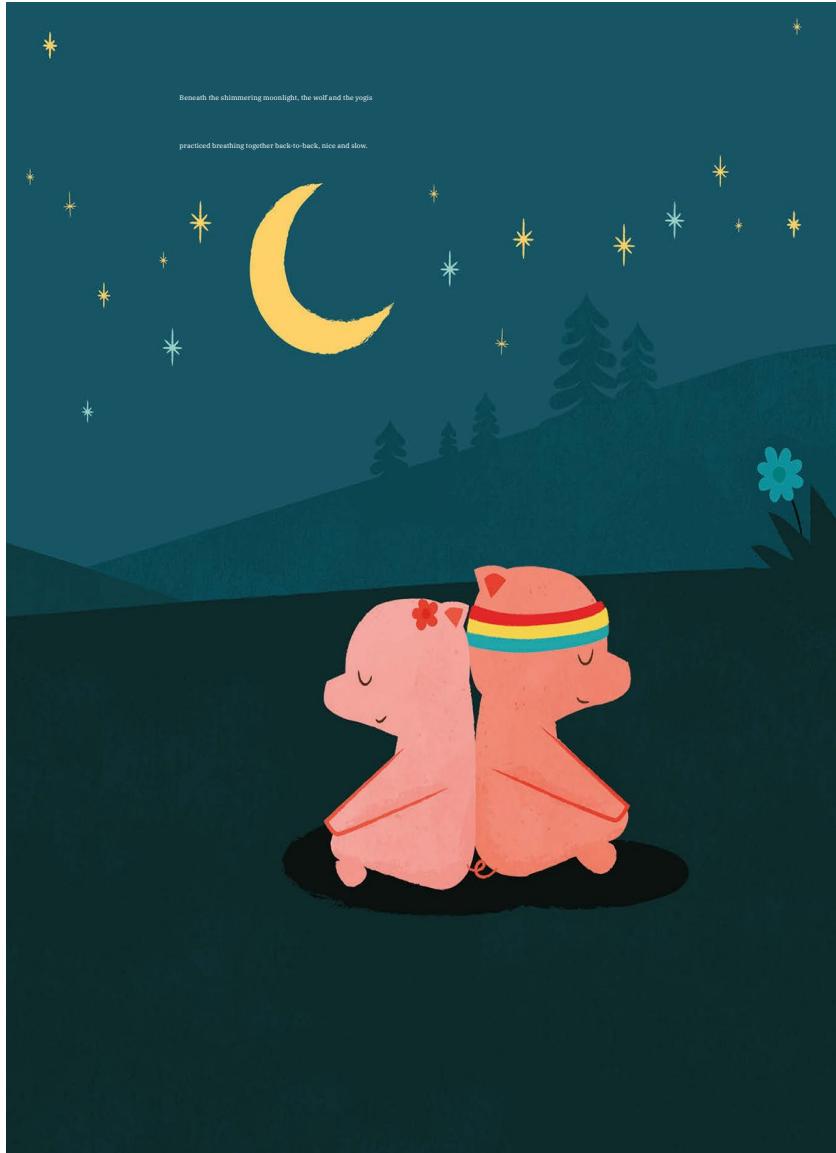
Sit down with your back pressed up against mine.

Close your eyes and notice the air moving in your back.

Can you feel it filling up my back, too?

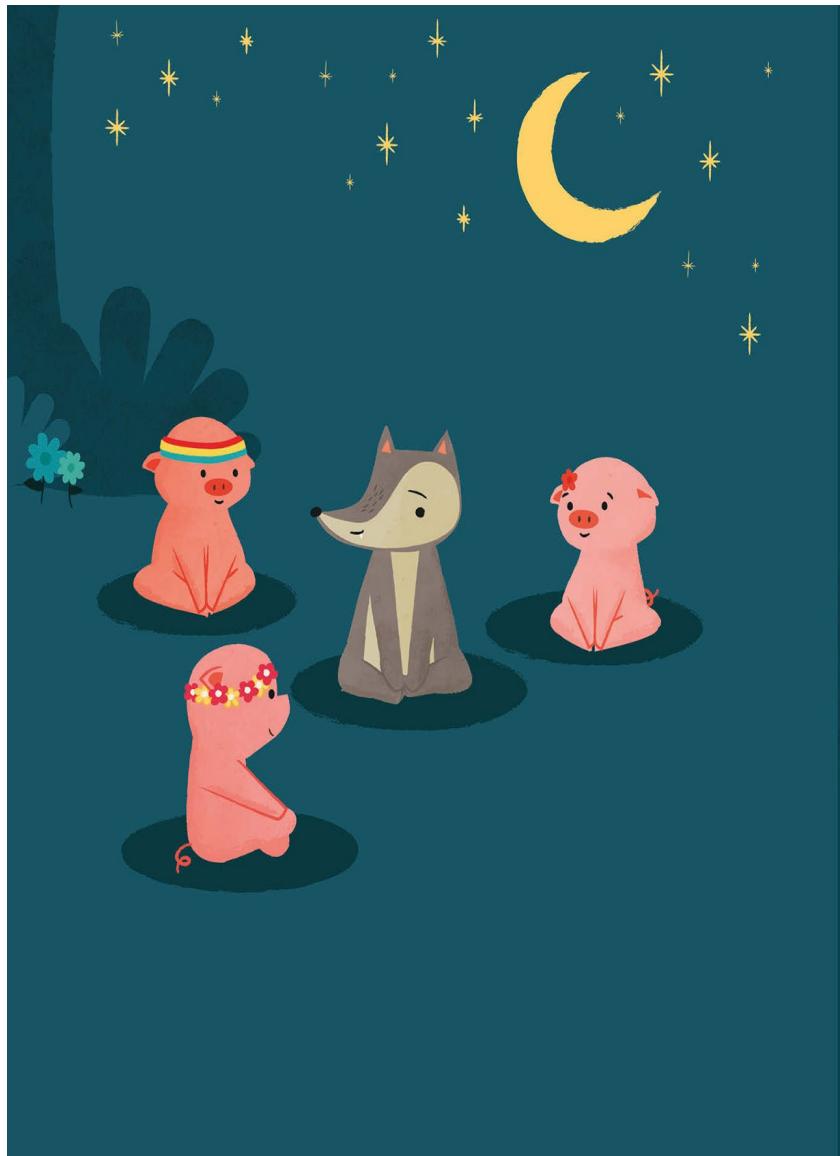
Now breathe in and out through your snout.

Try to match the pace of my breathing."



Beneath the shimmering moonlight, the wolf and the yogi

practiced breathing together back-to-back, nice and slow.





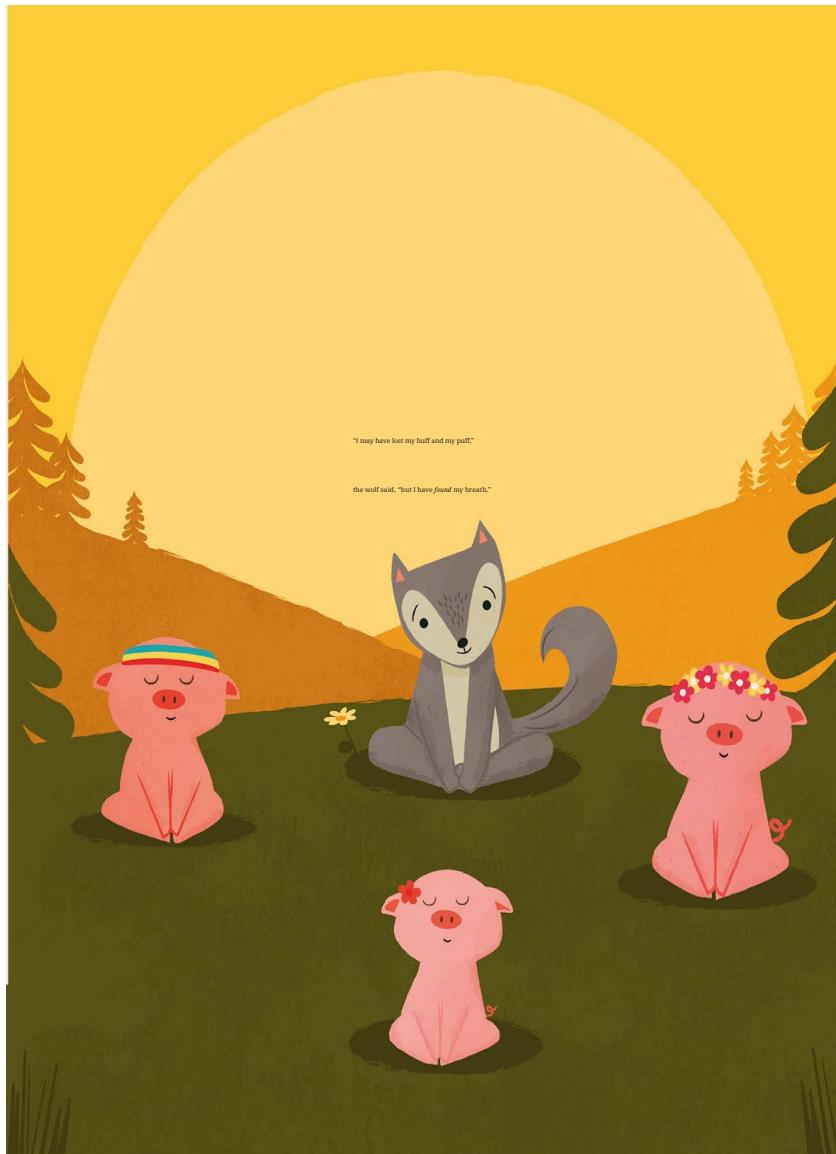


From then on, when the wolf felt angry—

or sad or scared or worried

(which happens to everyone from time to time)—

he knew just what to do.

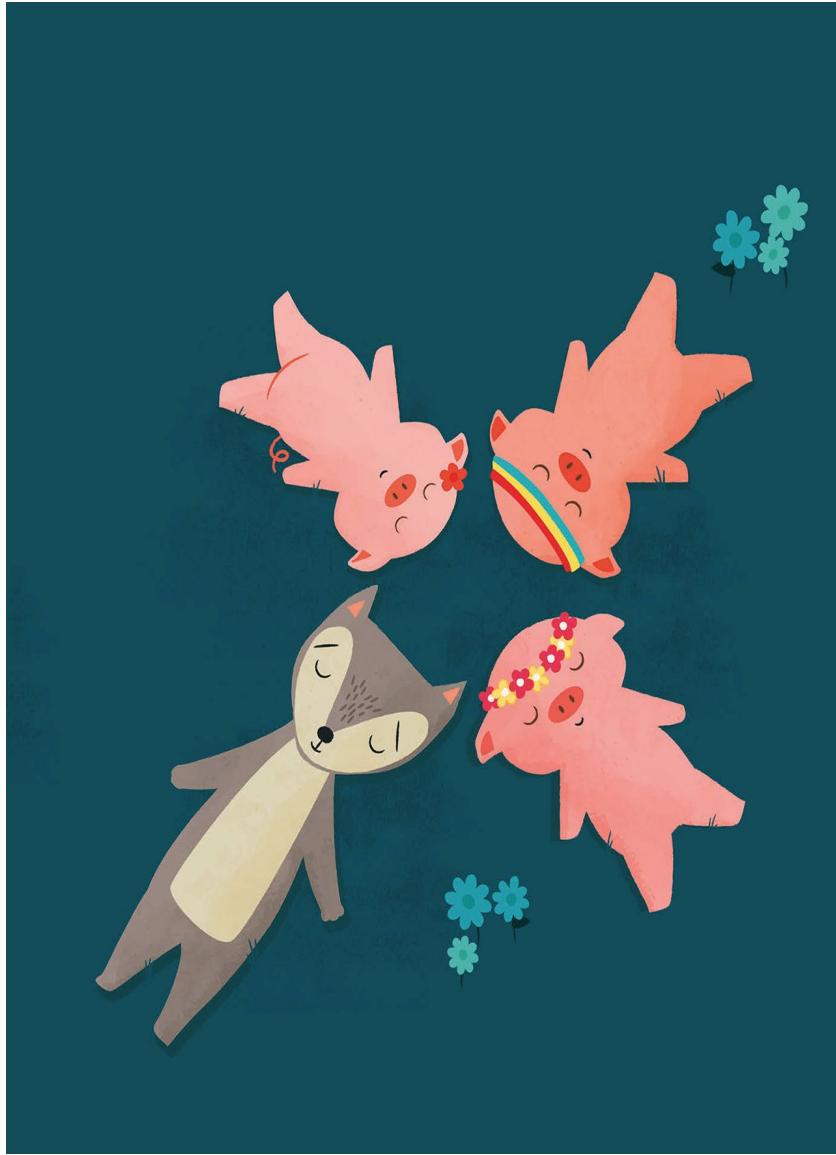


"I may have lost my huff and my puff,"

the wolf said, "but I have found my breath."









abramsyoungreaders.com
@abramskids